

SYNOPSIS.

Richard Lightnut, an American with an affected English accent, receives a present from a friend in China. The present proves to be a pair of pajamas. A letter hints of surprise to the wearer. Lightnut dons the pajamas and late at night sets up for a smoke. His servant, Jenkins, comes in and, falling to recognize Lightnut dons the pajamas to put him out. Thinking the servant crazy, Lightnut changes his clothes intending to summon keip. When he reappears Jenkins falls on his neck with joy, confirming Lightnut's belief that he is crazy. Jenkins tells Lightnut of the eacounter he had with a hideous Qinaman dressed in pajamas. In a Ressage from his friend, Jack Billings, Lightnut is asked to put up "the kid fer the night on his way home from college. Later Lightnut finds a beautiful gril in black pajamas in his room. Lightnut is shocked by the girl's drinking, sipoking and slangy talk. She tells him her name is Francis and puzzles him with a story of her love for her sister's room-mate, named Frances. Next morning the girl is missing and Lightnut hurries to the boat to see her off. He is accepted by a husky college boy, who calls him "Dicky," but he does not see the girl. Jack Billings calls to spend the night with Lightnut. They discover priceiess rubles hidden in the buttons of the pajamas. Billings dons the pajamas and retires. Lightnut later discovers in his apartment a beety person in mutton-chop whiskers and wearing pajamas. Jenkins calls the police, who declares the instruder to be a criminal, called "Foxy Grandpa." The intruder declares he is Lightnut's guest and appeals to the latter in vain. He is hustled off to jail. In the morning Lightnut is astonished when he gets a message from the latter, demanding his clothes. Lightnut, bound for Tarrytown, Billings' home, discovers "Frances," the girl of the pajamas, on the train. Lightnut as "Dicky." The latter ignores the boy, who then threatens to thrash him for offending Frances. Lightnut takes the next train home. Billings storms over the outrage of his arrost. He said Lightnut as "Dicky." The lat

CHAPTER XXII. (Continued.)

"O!" Just a gasp, you know; and my jolly cheeks stung as from a dash of fiery what's-its-name sauce. So he knew about the pajamas, too! I half rose from my chair.

"I-I assure you, sir-" I began stif-

His fussy shrug checked me. "No, no, we'll just have to wait till Jack gets up. The only thing I'm anxious about is the scenery and the view points; and I just know if Francis went with you, you would never see any of it."

By Jove, I thought that quite likely enough, but of course it was devilish personal of him to say so. And dash seeing the scenery and view points, anyway-who wanted to see them, if they could see her? I was just going to suggest this, when he went on:

"The fact is-" He hesitated, then flicked his ashes with a sigh. "Oh, well, since I've said as much as I have, I should go further, I suppose It's only fair not to leave you in the dark, especially as my daughter was enthusiastically telling me just now" -puff-"that she already looks on you as one of the family."

"By Jove, did she though?" hitched to the front of the chair. "How dev-I mean how-

He nodded. "And so I feel justified in talking to you frankly-not that I want to prejudice you against Francis, you understand, but just because" -his head wagged soberly-"Francis won't do!" And he looked at me steadily.

Something like a sharp pain struck through me. Again-and this time from her own father! I just sat there kind of frozen, you know, except that I could feel the smile slowly loosening in my face. He moved to a seat

"I don't like to seem to be dis paraging my own flesh and blood, Mr. the truth is Francis is the only one of my children that gives me any

anxiety. "Oh!" I felt myself shrink together, my knees sianting away from him.

My dashed monocle hung limp. He angled closer. "Jack's drinking is bad-that I admit, but perhapsh'm-he comes by it naturally; still Jack has never forgotten that he is a gentleman-the son of a gentlemanand has never been what you would call fast, but-" His chest lifted under

a deep breath-"but Francis-whew!" "Fast-Frances?" It faltered tremulously from my lips; my cigar dropped

with a soft thud. 8 His eyes widened. "Oh, yes-frightfully!" And he tendered me another cigar, and I had to light it-he made "Of course, the mistake was in ever sending Francis away to school -not always a wise thing, Mr. Lightnut, especially when the home life has been too clotstered. I think the reaction was too much for one so green and inexperienced as Francis.

The GLOW OF The RUBIES by Francis Perry Elliott Illustrations by Ray Walters



know

enough at Cambridge with a thousand-dollar apartment on the 'Gold Coast,' as you call it-and, by George, you Harvard men have got the right name for it!-but Francis beat that in | begun between you two will grow closone term's drain on me for poker losses and-"

"Poker?" I moistened my lips. Then I brightened, for perhaps he meant bridge-and that was good form, for there was my Aunt Julia, who lived by it-fact! But his head shook impatiently when I suggested that he meant this.

"Bridge!" he exploded. "Why, Francis doesn't know bridge from casino! say, this intimacy, you know-has it Poker, I tell you, and faro-and all the rest. The plucking was done nightly at a certain-er-club, the establishment of a gentleman by the name of McGinty-'Spot' McGintyoh, you know the place, then?"

I faced him earnestly. "I-er-Judge Billings, do I understand youthat is, it can't be that you are speaksurely you are not!"

"I just am!" His jaw set with a "Just who I'm talking about and nobody else, young man! I mean my Francis-Francis Leslie Billingswho else could I mean?" He almost groaned. "Oh, you don't know Fran-

Dash it, what they all chorused at me! They seemed pretty positive about it, too, and I was jolly miserable; but looking back now, I somehow think of that moment as being the point where I reached the parting of the what-you-call-'ems.

Meantime, her father was studying me a little oddly and smiling.

"I see you don't quite like what I say about Francis," he remarked, puffing complacently.

I looked him straight in the eye "Frankly, I don't, if you must know," I blurted. Then I screwed my monocle tight and straightened forward. "By Jove, I think you ought to be ashamed of yourself, you know!"

"Wh-what's that?-Lightnut!" He turned a beet color and grasped the arms of his chair.

"Oh, I do." I stood up and he followed. "I think if that poor child had had a little er-forbearance and Lightnut," he proceeded gravely, "but kindness—that sort of thing—oh, dash it, I just think you've been infernally harsh always-yes, I do!"

"Well, I'll be-" He swallowed it. neck forward, and stood panting a bit. "Harsh, eh?" he jerked at me. "Um!" He stood there, his feet braced apart, his white brows beetling at the floor. "Harsh!" He cocked his head on one side, thrusting out his heavy under-Then came a sniff and a grunt, lip. and oh, he looked black!

And just then came a quick breath, and I caught a murmur: "I wonder now if, after all, that is true! By George, they say children and-" The mutter trailed off. "Here, here, my boy-sit down," he exclaimed suddenly; and he made me.

"I want to thank you, Lightnut," he said impressively. "It may be that you are right. Perhaps the better course would be gently to reason with

"Oh, judge, I am sure of it," I urged

feelingly. "Well, well, my boy-we'll see." He patted me on the knee. "I'm going to fetch a dashed word for four hours! with its numerous projections and and extraves acce-my!" He lifted to try your way-by George, I'll do it

his hands. "I thought Jack was bad | tonight!" His eyes seemed to hold on something-all he had to do. Dev- me with a more kindly and personal ilish simple, you see, but then Pugsley interest. "Do you know I can't tell is so ingenious, so-oh, clever, you you how glad I am that you find so much in Francis to like; indeed, I am delighted." Still studying me attentively, he musingly reached for a fresh light. "In point of fact, Lightnut, I am free to say I hope the intimacy er. It would be a thundering good thing for Francis and a great comfort to me.

And, by Jove, he smiled at medevilish pleasant smile!

So I just leaned forward and made

"Thanks awfully: and-er-by the way-" Then I stuck, boggled wildly an instant and went on: "That is to justify-" I gulned en too short to "Er-would you be willing to trust-And I lost the dashed idea again, floundered a bit and took another shy: "Oh, I say, you know, have I your permission to speak to Frances-eryou know?"

"You speak to Francis?"-he just leaped toward me- "Why, my boy!" ing of-er-Frances?" I stammered And he was wringing my arm with incredulously. "I mean your Frances one hand while the other clasped my shoulder. "My de-e-ear boy-why, Lightnut!" By Jove, he almost gushed! "You're not joking now, are you?" He peered anxiously into my face. "No, by George, I believe you really mean it!" And he went to pumping like mad. "How awfully good of you-self-sacrificing is the word! Are you quite sure you don't mind?"

"Mind?" By Jove, I think I looked what I felt at such a dashed silly question.

"Well! well! well! My dear young friend!" And oh, he went on in the most disgusting way-why, dash it, you would have thought I was doing him some favor! I guessed, though, that it was the usual custom, but it seemed rum-for I should have thought that in giving your daughter away, you put the thanks up to the other fellow. But Pugsley says the rule varies-quite often varies! Anyhow, I felt so gratified that I had taken the honorable course and spoken to her father-understand so many do not at all, you know. As it was, it gave me quite a comfortable glow of pride, and I reflected how much better it always is to follow the wise dictates of your what's its name!

"By Jove!" I thought, as I nodded and smiled back, "I wonder what he would say if he knew that Frances and I are already engaged!"

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Family Black Sheep. Presently I got in a word: "Then judge, I have your permis

sion to speak to Frances?" "Permission?" He lifted his hands and eyes. "You certainly have, my boy-don't I make it clear? Why,

I'm simply delighted-and gratefuloh, so grateful to you!" And, by Jove, he meant it-there was no mistaking his fervency! But it made me feel like a silly ass, you know. Custom or no custom, it just

made me a bit nifty to think her father would speak this way. Might be good form, but it appeared rotten taste-lots of things seem that way, dash it! Suggested this to Pugsley once, but he was so devilish shocked couldn't eat his luncheon-wasn't able



chair, leaning forward, with shining eyes, "you can't possibly know what this means just at this time! Whe, if cis, it's not likely that any one else

"Judge!" I ejaculated, shocked. "Who would want to?" And he grimaced horribly.

"Oh, I say now!" I protested warm-"My boy, I tell you I know-you don't!" He lifted his hand eloquently,

deflecting the corners of his mouthoh, such a way! "No, siree, I tell you there's not another living man would dare chance it!" He threw himself backward, puffing his cheeks at me and walling his eyes frightfully. "In fact, hereabouts-where Francis is known, there have been two menonly just two-who ever had the temerity to do it."

"Oh!" I commented. Wondered if one of these was the other chap she was engaged to.

He proceeded impressively: "One of these, my dear sir, was our rector -a most charming and venerable old man, now nearly eighty-three and partially paralyzed and deaf; lives a sweet, patient life all alone, you know, with no one in the world to care for him. Well, sir," he stiffened dramatically, leveling one finger at me, "do you think that Francis would even listen to him?"

Did I? Well, dash it, did I? But I tried to mumble something polite

"And then-" he puffed as he re lighted his cigar, "there's Jack's chaut.

feur, you know.' "Eh, Jack's-what's that?" I gripped

the arms of my chair. "Yes," he nodded, "Jack's chauffeur. Oh, I was so disappointed at the result of his effort!" The old gentleman slipped back in his chair

him, you know! "By Jove!" I managed to get outand yet somehow, I was devilish pleased about it.

with a sigh. "Francis just swore at

"You see?" And he spread out his hands. "Absolutely no sense of appreciation, you observe; and it had seemed such a splendid chance! You the way back to Abraham, Moses, the see they had been so intimate oh, are still, for that matter."

I caught my breath. "In-intimate!" stammered. "You don't mean Frances and this chauffeur?"

"Oh, yes," carelessly, "Scoggins is all right; very superior young man is the same. We must take an active "motoring, boating, or else off some be elevated over life. where camping together."

"Wha-at-what's that-not camping?" I looked at him aghast, "Oh, come now, judge-really you don't mean that, do you-not camping together ?

I spoke excitedly, but he just stared at me with an expression of blank surprise.

"En? Why, certainly, my dear boy -for weeks at a time-and why not?" His shift manifested some impatience 'Pshaw, Lightnut," he growled, flicking his ash, "what's the odds-why be so particular? I don't mind!" He lammed his hands into his trousers pockets till it seemed he would go through them. "I tell you, I'm glad

I'm democratic!" "Oh!" I uttered, seeing a light. So that was it! Well, in any case, I knew now that I was a republican, These are the men and women who by Jove! Never did know before what I was and it was a devilish relief to find out. Half made up my mind, then and there, I would vote where they stood and for the same next election-never had, you know; thing for which they stood? Shall not few of our set ever did. Pugsley, for one, held it to be doubtful form.

"Bright, self-made young man," I caught as I came back. By Jove, he Shall the work cease, or will we rally was still talking about that beastly to the rescue? What is your response chauffeur! "Such fine morals, you know."

"Oh, dash it, yes!" And I think this must have been when I broke the clety, politics, the world and the corner out of a filling.

"That was why I was so sorry he failed with Francis," he continued regretfully; "but you may succeed bet- and its members until they reach the ter-oh, I don't know but what it will do just as well!"

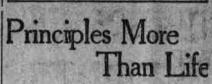
"Thanks-er-awfully!" mured weakly. "Oh, I think so-oh, yes!" He bobbed his head as though he were quite re-

fully: "And anyhow, if Francis finds you are in deadly earnest, why it-" His voice dropped off musingly: "Well, I believe that would make it easier-

oh, lots easier for Scoggins," I blinked a little with my free eye.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Damage by Lightning. Lightning does most damage in level, open country. A town or city, "Why, Lightnut," he dropped to a wires, is comparatively exempt.



Pathway of American History Written in

IFE is dear to all of us, and the Almighty meant it to be; but principle, and especially religious principles, are a greater treasure than life. Somehow or other it seems that all great principles have made their way up over the sacrificed lives of martyrs in the right. The pathway of American history is written in the blood and sacrifice of the fathers from Plymouth Rock to now; so of the Church. The torture and the stake have been the steps to the freedom of religion from the shackles you hadn't offered to speak to Fran. of religious tyranny. What a wonderful path the path of history is! When a man or a woman loves principle more than self or life, there will be an effort to establish it. Had not the founders of our State and Church stood for the principles of free goveroment and conscientious action in religion, neither our present glorious State or Christian civilization would ever have been attained.

Religion is nothing without the truth. Ancient history shows that all teaching, philosophy and worship were false and vain without revelation. All the progress of modern times in the greatest nations of the world is due to the presence and spirit and influence of the truth of revelation and of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. So, when this is committed to us with this injunction, "Go ye into all the world," It is not for us to question expense, labor or results. Our work and mission is to act. This refers to women as well as to men. And, indeed, this experience is essential to the development of a true disciplineship in each individual man or woman. Hence we ter." urge upon laymen and laywomen to identify themselves with this noble cause. First, for the sake of the truth, for the sake of the kingdom of God, that it may be spread abroad upon the whole earth. And then, second, for the reflex influence upon yourself. This kind of work is necessary for the development of the truest kind of a religious spirit. If we are not working for others or for the kingdom, we grow selfish and diminish our personal enjoyment of rell-

Barriers to Success.

Activity is as essential in religion as in physical and mental growth. Loving life and loving self is our greatest barrier to success in all undertakings, and as well in religion. Had our fathers and mothers in the life of the Christian church or of the State loved their lives more than the principles for which they stood, what would have become of civil and religious liberty? Now we can look all prophets, and apostles, and coming down through centuries we find along the pages of history the lives of saints, patriots and martyrs that went out on the altar of principle. Men and women of the twentieth century, the principle for his position-fond of Francis, you part in the development of character, know, and I really think has great in- patriotism, church work, and the fluence." He puffed complacently an spread of the Gospel if we are to save instant. "Fact is, they are always to the nations, the Christian church, and gether when Francis is home"-pull even our own lives. Principle must

This is the greatest and most momentous age in history. If we are ever going to save the world, it must be now. Over the graves of patriots. heroes, prophets, martyrs, apostles and missionaries may be written these words: "They loved not their lives unto death. Patriots bleeding, wounded, suffering and thirsty and faint lay all day and night on the battledeld or behind prison walls that you might enjoy a goodly country and a prosperous and happy life and home. Saints and martyrs have gone to death with songs and prayers on their lips that you and I and coming generations might have the truth.

Shall we not be true to these things! Shall we not maintain this noble character as a sacred heritage? This is measure of heroes and saints. have made history. They are the ancestors other nations and ages worship as deity. Shall not we stand, then, we join the great Christian forces, and start on in this splendid life? Will we let all of this burden fall on others? today? Morals, truth, religion and the world need the missionary spirit more than anything else. We need it in sochurch. And perhaps more than all in the individual heart and in the home. We must quicken the Christian church spirit of sacrifice and of forgetting of self. Men and women who will represent great religious interests and stand for them in the great moral and religious issues of this century, are needed .- Rev. J. M. Reimensnyder, signed to it-then went on thought D. D.

God's Handlwork.

The "very good" of the creation week was not God's last verdict upon his work, but this: "This is my beloved Son in whom I am well pleased." God is better satisfied with Jesus than he ever could have been with Adam. And his final workmanship is the redeemed man who is "created anew in Christ Jesus." To every new-born soul the spirit witnesses, "well pleased;" and to every glorified life the king shall may "Well done!"

THE PROPER THING.



First Society Queen-What! Divorced again?

Second Society Queen-Well, dear, one must keep up appearances.

Simple Explanation. To illustrate a point that he was making-that his was the race with a future and not a race with a past-Booker T. Washington told this little. story the other day.

He was standing by his door one morning when old Aunt Caroline went

"Good morning, Aunt Caroline," he said. "Where are you going this morn-"Lawzee, Mista' Wash'ton," she

replied. "I'se done been whar I'se gwine."-Kansas City Star.

The Helrisom.

A Pittsburg drummer in a small town dropped into a place to get a bite to eat. The place looked familiar, but he didn't know the proprietor.

"Been running this place long?" inguired the drummer. "No; I just inherited it from my fa-

ther." "Ah, yes. I knew him. I recognize this old cheese sandwich on the coun-

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Mrs. EMMA BAILEY, Alton

Deisem, No. Dak. — "I was passing through Change of Life and felt very bad. I could not sleep and was very nervous. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to perfect health and I would not be without it."—Mrs. F. M. THORN, Deisem, No. Dak.

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